

**THE MISSION OF THE VULTURE!** "SUDDENLY a large bird of prey, with a red neck growing out of a ruffle of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings; and then, circling up, it alighted on a point of rock, and turned its blood-red eye on its intended victim."—(See page 3.)





Ensign Maltby. He is  
and over to the ten-  
he "ah," and when  
still alive heading  
report is confirmed  
that district. Of  
will, as usual, stand  
on the war.

remembrance of the  
flight, line Ensign  
'55 at Trenton, he  
to be a Salvationist  
of. Tough fight-  
soldiers, though,  
of how long he was  
ly of "two months"  
surprise.  
nths?"  
two months. I was  
to

#### Headquarters

Canada, 228 Queen  
onto.  
Over some of the old  
Coombs, Staff-Capt  
Glover, Body, etc."  
he field. He was de-  
Northwest pioneer  
rebellion knocked the  
and attention was

n was at Carleton,  
nt, after which came  
rederiction.  
much opposition,  
ugh play from the  
but that cooled  
I tell you we had  
times.  
at the Quarters one  
ink. It was dark.  
g out those days,  
y careful, so before  
pray with the poor  
t. We got the poor  
and I shall never  
estimony. It was

i the Blind,  
grace of God."  
ber Johnny Perks,  
I guess he was one

vorship Ensign spent  
years down East.  
Gait he was sum-  
l for those hours.  
I prompted Ensign  
a first district, dur-  
and he captured his  
own and much loved  
other, Staff-Captain  
nd Simcoe District  
the West Ontario  
y his changes over  
charge and take  
larlet. He is still  
says, and we pre-  
son of usefulness  
he soul-saving line.  
"JAWJ."

## From Indian Bungalow to The Cross,

Via. ARMY SHELTER.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

PERCY, you are the only boy out of  
eight that has started on the right  
way.

Whatever you do don't go back on  
what you profess.  
There was time for no more.  
The last passenger was on board,  
the last hail of goods dropped into  
the ship's hold. The final words were  
being hurriedly, tearfully spoken, and  
with a warm "farewell" hand clasp  
the military gentleman, every inch a  
soldier, bids his youthful son a lov-  
ing good-bye. And the gangway be-  
ing drawn up, the Atlantic liner is  
loosened from her moorings amid a  
fetter of handkerchiefs, and the  
young man looks for the last time  
over the country of his youth and  
schoolboy days.

It was not his native land, for far  
away under the burning suns of an  
eastern sky Percy was born.  
His father was thirty-two years  
Major-General in the East Indian ser-  
vice, and while at Ahmednagar in Bom-  
bay Presidency, the little fair-haired  
Percy was added to the family flock.  
His memories of "Mama's Corn  
Strand" are not very distinct.  
He does not even remember

### His Dusky-Faced Ayah

giving him the spirits to smother and  
keep the wee laddie quiet, though, no  
doubt, the appetite for strong drink  
was in some measure fostered. If not  
created, by the small doses adminis-  
tered by the Hindoo nurse when her  
young charge was restless and  
troublesome from the heat and vari-  
ous childish ailments.

True it is that the appetite was  
there dormant, like a smothered fire,  
only waiting temptation's breath to  
fan it into a consuming flame.

Sent to England, away from India's  
trying climate at five, Percy was  
for the next few years confined to  
his grandmother's care.

These years and the succeeding ones  
were passed in careless contentment  
between books and amusement.

He prepared at a collegiate school  
for Cheltenham College, where all his  
brothers were educated, but a desire  
to go abroad was paramount in his  
mind.

His majority reached and Percy  
approached his father upon the sub-  
ject.

"Well, my son, I do not wish you  
to go, but will not prevent you doing  
so. It will be an experience for you."

And the words of the

### Retired Indian Officer

have been verified.  
It has been an experience.  
"One I did not expect."

Said his son, sorrowfully, as we sat  
in the General Secretary's office at  
Headquarters.

Through the influence of a godly  
sister he had "chosen the better part,"  
and there is something pathetic in  
the reminder and charge of his  
father's parting words, when he says  
that of all his eight sons this one  
is the only one on the Lord's side.

And Percy meant to keep that  
charge and—unbearably fulfilled.

### PART II.

### PERCY SEEKS PASTURES NEW.

#### The "Cold Storage Firm."

Six or eight months in Toronto ex-  
hausted his money and for the first  
time in his life Percy found he must  
turn his attention to work of some  
description.

Chicago seemed inviting, so thither  
he proceeded.

He had a brother in that busy city,  
and so soon got a position as as-  
sistant book-keeper in a large firm.

He became a teacher in Solomon  
Sunday school and active worker in  
the Christian Endeavor.

For three years he had never  
"touched, tasted, or handled" that  
which stings.

### Like a Serpent,

and lieth like an adder.

## The Mission of the Vulture.

### SINNER.

That Strange Lash of Pain is Permitted that You May be Aroused to Make  
Your Escape from the Death that Never Dies.

### BACKSLIDER,

God Remembers You in Mercy when He Sends that Sharp Horror, that  
Fearful Thing, to Spur You Back to Your Deserted Post.

MIR. JOHN B. GOUGH writes as fol-  
lows about his father:

"During a retreat, when closely  
pursued by Marshall Scott, about the  
year 1890, my father, then about  
thirty years of age, was a soldier in  
the Fifty-second Light Infantry. He  
had been slightly wounded in the  
chest, and though his wound was not  
considered fatal, it was painful and  
irritating. The army had suffered  
feverishly from exposure, famine, and

### The Heavy Fatigues

of an active campaign. I well remem-  
ber my father saying to me: 'John,  
you will never know what hunger is  
till you feel the two sides of your  
stomach grinding together.' In that  
campaign men, mad with hunger,  
tough like wolves over the half-de-  
cayed hoof of a bullock, and often,  
when one of these poor animals, over-  
come with weakness and starvation,  
was staggering as if about to fall,  
the ready knife was applied to the  
throat, and the fainting soldiers, eug-  
ery catching the blood in their hands,  
and hardly waiting for it to coagulate,  
made it to take place of food.

In this retreat the Fifty-second Re-  
giment became—to use the American  
term—demoralized; and, while they  
staggered on, my father threw him-  
self

### Out of the Ranks.

under the shadow of a large rock,  
to die; he could not go further. Lying  
there he took from his inner pocket  
a hymn-book (which I have to-day  
with all the marks of its seventy  
years upon it), and began to read the  
hymn, in which is the verse,

"When in the solemn hour of death  
I bow Thy just decrees,  
Be thou the prayer of my last breath;  
O Lord, remember me."

It was when the physician ordered  
spirits during his spell of severe ill-  
ness that Percy found the presence  
of the instant appetite made it easy  
to obey the doctor's instructions and  
the prescribed remedy palatable.

Secret backsliding soon gave place  
to open sin.

But though he participated in  
every form of dissipation he always  
felt a divine power followed him.

Whether in theatre, gambling hall  
or solitude, Percy tried to quench the  
Spirit's warnings and forget his once  
loved God.

When the elderly invalid gentleman,  
whose nurse and attendant he became  
after his own long illness, and his  
good wife strongly urged Percy to  
come back to God, their kind entreat-  
ies were disregarded—repelled, and  
like Pharaoh, he hardened his heart.

### A Terrible Experience.

However, while really awakened him  
and was the means of his gradual re-  
turn to the fold.

"I shall never forget the sight of  
those men deliberately throwing  
themselves into the flames. Oh, it  
was dreadful, indeed!"

"That fire, during the Great Fair in  
which so many firemen lost their lives  
in the discharge of their duty and the  
account of which thrilled every read-  
er with horror, was the scene of  
Percy's awakening."

The Cold Storage Building was a  
huge structure—light in the and plan-  
et, but blocked out to represent mar-  
ble. It went like a tinder box before  
the fury of the flames.

Some of the firemen dropped right  
into the flames, others clung tena-  
ciously to life and only succeeded  
when they saw the building topple  
over and realized their inevitable  
down, flung themselves into the  
fire to hasten their awful death."

(Continued.)

ORANGEVILLE.—One soul. Captain  
left us for a much-needed rest.

CADET BRAYMAN.

"He must die—it seemed inevitable  
—though far from home, in a strange  
land. He was a Christian, and en-  
deavored to prepare himself for the  
change. Suddenly a large bird of  
prey, with a red neck growing out  
of a ruffle of feathers, came sweep-  
ing along, almost brushing my father's  
body with its wings, and then  
circling up, it alighted on the point  
of rock, and turned its blood-red eye  
on its intended victim.

"As my father saw that horrible  
thing watching and waiting to tear  
him in pieces even before life was ex-  
hausted, it so filled him with horror and  
disgust that he cried: 'I cannot en-  
dure this! It is too horrible. When  
I am unable to drive that fearful  
thing away it will be tearing my  
flesh. I cannot endure it!' He rose to  
his feet and fell, then

### Crawled and Struggled Away,

slit at length he crept into a poor  
and found safety, and soon after  
joined his regiment. Though he was  
very, very ill after that frightful ep-  
isode, he recovered, and died in 1871,  
at the remarkable age of ninety-four  
years."

It is very plain that God did re-  
member him, and sent this sharp hor-  
ror to arouse and hasten his effort  
to escape from death.

"Verily, however important the  
moral lives of men may be, and  
ought to be, at times, in our eyes,  
they have been seen, to judge from  
floods and earthquakes, pestilence and  
war, in the eyes of Him who made  
and lives us all. It is a strange law;  
better for us, instead of smothering our  
sins in it, because it interferes with  
our modern tenderness of soul, to ask  
honestly what it means."—Charles  
Kingsley.



### RESCUE HOME.

"Safe Out of that Awful Place!—Oh,  
I'm so Glad!"

TWO OF OUR GIRLS have been en-  
rolled soldiers of the S. A. God has  
been helping us to help others.

One morning a man came to the  
Home and asked me if I could go  
right to his house—his wife wanted  
to see me. I went straight away and  
found that a poor girl had been sleep-  
ing in their woodshed for two weeks.  
My heart was touched, for I saw it  
was one of our girls I had lost track  
of. She had been led away by bad  
company. She was so willing to  
come home and stay as long as I  
wanted her to stay.

Poor girl, how she wept when she  
saw me! I put my arms around her  
and said: My poor, dear child, will  
you let me help you? She was so  
dirty and dispirited looking.

Now she is doing nicely.

Recently a smart-looking young  
girl ran away from a house of ill-  
fame. She almost danced with joy  
when she felt she was safe within our  
walls.

She said, "Oh, I am so glad I have  
got out of that awful place! I  
will never go back any more! Then  
she prayed for God to save her.—En-  
sign E. Elery.

ADJUTANT HILTS desires to grate-  
fully acknowledge the receipt of \$1  
towards the rent of the Rescue Home,  
Toronto, from an unknown friend in  
Nelson, Man., and the same amount  
promised every month for a year.



## The Lord's Legacy.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE TONGUE OF  
FIRE."

"PEACE" was the Saviour's legacy  
to His followers; PEACE to be impart-  
ed by the Comforter; PEACE which  
the world cannot give, and which  
passeth understanding.

He leaves no hint that this legacy  
was to be recalled before "the end  
of the world." Indeed, in both the  
Old Testament and the New, happi-  
ness is an essential part of religion;  
that kind of happiness which is called

### "Joy in God"

through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The reigning of each joy in "our  
human bosom" clearly presupposes  
that the individual is entitled of the  
reconciliation of God to him, with-  
standing his sins. Wherever this is  
doubtful, DISTRAUST, FEAR, and  
GLOOM must ever accompany the  
contemplation of the Most High; and  
this gloom would set in as densely  
as the most contrite spirit.

HAPPINESS is to be a feature of  
religion to the last. That odious

### Caricature of Christianity,

which offers to the view of the world  
a man with all the doctrines of the  
Gospel on his lips, but gloom on his  
brow, disquiet in his eyes, and sour-  
ness in his bearing, has done infinite  
injustice to our benign religion, and  
infinite harm to those who never knew  
its worth.

NOW, as in the days of Solomon,  
"her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
and all her paths are peace." NOW,  
as in the days of David, she "puts  
gladness in the heart, more than  
in the time that their corn and their  
wine increased." Now, as in the days  
of Paul, she gives "joy and peace in  
believing." Happiness is not a sepa-  
rable appendage of true piety; it is  
part of it, and an essential part: "The  
joy of the Lord is your strength."

None would regard happiness as if  
it were to religion what a fine com-  
plexion is to the human countenance.  
—a great addition to its beauties, if  
present; but if not, no feature is want-  
ing.

In the sacred writings, from first  
to last, it is regarded as a feature,  
which we cannot remove without  
both wounding and defacing. The  
kingdom of God is not only "right-  
eousness," but "righteousness and  
peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

While that kingdom stands, this  
"Joy in the Holy Ghost" will be the  
privilege of the children of God; and  
let no man stand between the hum-  
blest believer of this our day, and the  
full light of his Redeemer's counte-  
nance.

Let none take it for granted,  
that the work of God in the soul of  
men has degenerated; that the mer-  
ciful Father no more gladdens the  
prodigal He accepts, by letting him  
know

### He Loves Him:

that Jesus no longer says, "Be of  
good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee;"  
or that when a penitent is accepted  
as a son, the gracious Comforter does  
not now, as in the old time, hasten on  
His dove-like message to diffuse heav-  
enly peace in another troubled bosom.

### "SALVATIONIST," LABRADOR.

GRIGUET.—After spending many  
weary hours in the fog, too thick for  
us to make harbor, the pilot boarded  
us at last and brought us in safety.

We've held our first meeting at  
Griguet F. Shore.

The friends kindly loaned us the  
Methodist Church for afternoon and  
night meetings. One soul in the foun-  
tain. Although there has been quite  
a revival here this past winter, yet  
there are quite a lot more in the  
fog, wandering hither and thither, not  
knowing how to make harbor.—Lieut.  
Mamuel Barry.



## FROM THE QUEEN CITY To the World's Metropolis.

BEING NOTES, COMMENTS, AND SHORT ACCOUNTS OF SCENES, SIGHTS, AND EVENTS IN CONNECTION WITH MAJOR READ'S RETURN TRIP TO THE OLD LAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE depot, N.Y. State, in the place of waiting. I am huddled away in a corner patiently waiting for the through train to the United States metropolis. I must say the "Chippewa" is a dandy boat and a beautiful sailer. The short inke trip whetted my yearning appetite. It was a good surprise when on the Yonge street wharf kind friends volunteered to accompany me safe out of Canadian territory.

What a fine view we had of the Queenston Heights and the celebrated Brock monument! Then the short ride from Lewiston to Suspension Bridge so much resembled the latter part of the journey I had last year in going to the Conest.



What strange things happen on a train. I heard one young fellow say that the night before he had been

### Paid With Rocks.

He had secured a revolver and said he, "Let them reject it and I'll give them some cold lead." Brave talk. Then a big, burly, fat man was topping glass after glass of whiskey down his poor throat, and worse feature of all, his darling, flaxen-haired, little girl cried out, "Daddy, give me glass whiskey," and the cruel parent tipped half a glass into her precious little mouth. Oh, the demon he is, to deliberately make his offspring become a drunkard, for surely she will. Headless was my night on the train, and as day dawned we were running along the shores of the beautiful Hudson River. It resembles British Columbia somewhat, without the high mountains.

At 11 a.m. we rolled into New York, and there was Staff-Captain Walton at the depot waiting. I was hurried across the river on a ferry, along a street in an elevated car, and soon dropped down outside the

Magnificent Memorial Building and in quick time got inside on the platform of this big auditorium just as the Commander began his usual Tuesday noon meeting for business men. It was a most splendid affair. The bottom nicely filled and a grand sprinkling in the first gallery. The Commander impressed all, and I shall not forget his talk on "Peace." A saved anarchist gave a beautiful testimony. Old fees were dotted about the hall. There was Edwin Connett, Edwin Crawford, Captain H. Taylor, Captain Lindsay, Staff-Captain Walton, and others, and before the 20th of August when I had gone into almost every nook and cranny of the building, even up to the tower to take a look over great New York. I had a most profitable interview with both Mrs. Booth and the Commander, saw the busy clerks, watched the huge presses throwing off their precious papers, heard that they had taken in

\$60 at the trade stall in the main entrance to the Memorial Hall, had been interviewed, had gone out to Jersey City, supper with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Walton and visited Major Mrs. Cox. To-morrow I board the "New York."

## What of Africa?

### TALK OF THE HORRORS OF EGYPTIAN BONDAGE!

WANTED! Hearts and Brains on Fire with the Love of Christ.

THE INIQUITY AND HORRIBLE TRAFFIC OF SLAVERY has not been too plainly depicted by Captain H. who mentions the case of a slaver having a large cargo of human beings chained together, and says:

"The master of the vessel, with more humanity than his fellows, permitted some of them to come on deck, but still

### Chained Together.

for the benefit of the air, when they immediately commenced JUMPING OVERBOARD, hand in hand, and drowning in couples. He explains the cause of this circumstance by saying, "They were just brought from a situation between decks, and to which they knew they must return, where the scolding persecution was running from one to the other, covered with filth, and men dying by their side, with full in view living and dead bodies chained together, and the living, in addition to all their other torments, laboring under the most humiliating thirst; being in very few instances allowed more than a pint of water a day." He goes on to say: "I have now an officer on board, who, on examining one of

### These Slave Vessels,

found not only living men chained to dead bodies, but the latter in a putrid state, and we have now a case, which, if true, is too horrible and disgusting to be described.

"The slave-deck was not more than THREE FEET SIX INCHES in height, and the human beings stowed or crammed as close as possible; many appeared very sick. There was no way of getting into the slave-room but by the hatchway. I was told when they were all on deck to be counted that it was impossible for any of our people to go into the slave-room for a single minute. SO INTOLERABLE WAS THE STENCH. The color of these poor creatures was of a dark, squalid yellow, so different from the fine, glossy black of our liberated Africans and Kroomen. I was shown a man much bitten and bruised; it was done in

### A Struggle at the Gratings

of their hatchway, for a mouthful of fresh air."

Talk of the horrors of the children of Israel beneath their Egyptian rulers, of their being driven to manufacture bricks without straw—of the sounds of their groans mingling with that of the hush of their cruel taskmaster—was anything witnessed in Egypt more merciless or brutal than the above? No wonder the bells of freedom in the Northern States chimed loudly in unison with the wild shouts of joy in the South when the shackles fell from 3,000,000 slaves. But what of Africa, where the fetters and chains still wear to the bone the wrists and feet of prisoners beneath the hush and grand of the merciless slave-driver.

MANITOBA WEEKLY.—The desirability of securing sturdy settlers to develop the broad acres awaiting cultivation in the Northwest, and the manifold advantages to the settlers at first in being able to co-operate with each other, makes it impossible for Canada to draw any line as to this method, but to accept any and all settlers whose industry and thrift will promote the development of her resources.



## GREAT FALLS, Pacific Province.

IN MEETING a corps many things come before one's mind, but the matter of most importance in salvation warfare is WHAT RESULTS were brought about.

I shall endeavor to state the facts.

CAPT. SMITH opened the corps with Lieut. Lincoln assisting, May, 1893. Everything was auspicious. Okeley and Jackson, two salvationists filled

### With Zeal and Energy,

had been holding meetings in Salvation Army fashion in the Gospel Mission rooms.

The attendance was good and souls were saved.

Bro. Jagers, a man who had been very wicked, was SAVED IN THE JAIL, and when the Army was organized became a faithful member, attending every night after a hard day's work at the smelter.

THE NEW OFFICERS were received with open arms. Two of the bowers' family, Owen and Clayton, were brought into the fold at this time and have worked in the Master's vineyard ever since. THE BOWERS FAMILY have been among the most active members from the outset. Five of the family are with us now, and never stop at nothing they can do towards rescuing the lowest of God's children.

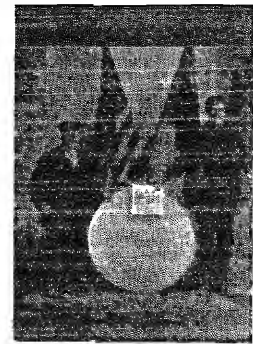
The present treasurer, Bro. Babington, has been in the fight from the first and has never wavered in his trust. Olie and Frank Younger were saved soon after the work was commenced and are still putting their

### Shoulder to the Wheel

to help "roll the old chariot along." Others of the Younger family have come in during the last six months, so that there are four.

Our faithful "Hallelujah" Brother Manier, an ex-sailor who had been all round the world, was brought to see his need of Christ at this time.

CAPTAIN CANDLE and Selgie followed Captain Smith, and the Lord blessed their labors here in many ways. Bro. McCleary, a terrible drunkard, was saved and works on, fighting sin. A MORPHINE VICTIM was brought into the marvelous light of God out of the terrible darkness that his habits had brought upon



THE TWO JIM, Great Falls.

him. He was saved from a terrible life, and God's power to save in the uttermost was proven in him. The corps had a serious set back in the selfishness of two of its members at one time. The next officers, Capt. Hayer and Lieut. Davis,

felt the bad effect, but they held on bravely, notwithstanding the poor health of Capt. Hayer.

A change was made in Jan. 1893, and CAPT. AND MRS. GILLIATT took charge. There were about eighteen soldiers in the corps when they came.

### Forty or More

have been saved during the last six months. Many have come and gone. Six soldiers have been sworn in and seven are on the recruit's list. Two slaves to drink have been freed from their bondage. One a man of fifty-seven, fought valiantly against the devil, the other, a young man, once a terrible slave, works with holy love to win others to his Saviour.

TWO HUNDRED WAR CRIES are every week. Junior meetings are held every Sunday. The work is going on and God is with us. The soldiers show good spirit and are praying and believing for SUCCESS IN JESUS' NAME.

## 3 DAYS AT BUTTE, Montana.

("Better late than never."—Eo.)

WHEN CAPT. STEVENS and Lieut. Lester arrived from Butte their numerous friends came out in force. The numerous glistening eyes in the hall gave sympathetic feeling.

Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester start for Spokane, but Lieut. Lester is "All ready; Lieut. where are you?" "Oh, here I am, Capt., dear, what is it?" and Lieut. crawls from behind that big banjo box of hers. (Mr. Miller, on just spirit to see those two together, I mean the Lieut. and her banjo box.) Off we start, baggage checked, and the signal given, "All aboard." Now the train is off, carrying these away whom we have learned to love for their great heartedness and self-sacrificing life.

After meeting we march down again to the depot. Here come the train! All rush forward anxious to get a look at our new officers. O! here they come! Volley (some of the men standing around remarked "This is S. A. pay day") and off steps Capt. Brerly all the way from New Westminster, B.C. God bless you, Capt. You did look worn out that night. We soon had her feeling right at home.

Sunday Faded Scott, from Great Falls came to help. How we did rat the devil in the open-air with a caution: We rescued two souls that week.

The Captain announced a War Cry meeting for Saturday night. Everything was taken from War Cry, songs, reading, etc., and oh, what a meeting, and what a lambasting the old devil got!

## West Ontario Province.

Since I wrote my last notes for the Cry I have left the domains of the C. O. P. and all my happy associations with the Headquarters officers and am now busily at work assisting HIRSHLEIGH MARSHALLS of the W. O. P.

We have received many letters of welcome from the officers of this province, and in return, I would say, I sincerely pray that God may make us both all the blessing and help the friends we should be.

Mrs. Turner has started off on a tour through the Chatham and Windsor districts. While I have had the opportunity of paying in a week-end at each of the following places: Theford, Ingersoll and St. Thomas. I find that there are many good loyal spirits here in this part of the vineyard, still the fight is by no means the easiest.

At St. Thomas we had the joy of seeing two souls. We are now full up with our ANNUARY MEETINGS, and we expect in connection with these meetings God is going to make them a great blessing to the entire province. —Adjutant Turner.

## THE STAFF

In a Moment  
Answered  
Colo. 43  
West 1

### The I

WITH OUR  
COVERING, a  
tears shed for  
rude. Major J  
another cruel  
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sorrow is too h  
the best and cl  
from our side.

OUR GRIE-  
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the Justice Ma  
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"While our h  
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spirits are su  
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our souls, and  
ready to assu  
summons rece  
home and his

AND DEATH  
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house of the p  
has left us, w  
cathedral clow  
rose, were the  
trees, crowdes  
hair, of the r  
has passed so  
from our mid

### "The Tr

ONLY EIGH-  
Captain Jones  
fired face be-  
tured once. On  
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scent full of tr  
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back, as if a  
the remains of  
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### "All I have I

"You can a  
Commandant,  
pested the pu  
white fingers  
speak, as the  
the key-board  
"Saved or  
with nothing  
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felt the bad effect, but they held on bravely, notwithstanding the poor health of Capt. Hayes.

A change was made in Jan. 1895, and CAPT. AND MRS. GILBERT took charge. There were about eighteen soldiers in the corps when they came.

#### Forty or More

have been saved during the last six months. Many have been and gone. Six soldiers have been saved in and seven are on the recruits list. Two slaves to drink have been freed from their bondage. One a man of fifty-seven, fighting valiantly against the devil, the other, a young man, once a terrible slave, works with holy love to win others to his Saviour.

TWO HUNDRED WAR CRIES and every week. Junior meetings are held every Sunday. The work is going on and God is with us. The soldiers show a good spirit and all are praying and believing for SUCCESS IN JESUS' NAME.

### 3 DAYS AT BUTTE, Montana.

("Better late than never."—Ed.)

WHEN Capt. Stevens and Lieut. Lester forwarded from Butte their numerous friends came out in force. The numerous glistening eyes in the hall gave sympathetic feeling. Lieut. Stevens and Lieut. Lester start for Spokane, huckle and huckle. "All ready! Lieut., where are you?" "Oh, here I am, Capt., dear, what is it?" and Lieut. Lester from behind that big banjo box of hers. (Mr. Ed., you just want to see those two together, I mean the Lieut. and her banjo box.) Off we start, baggage checked, and the signal given, "All aboard." Now the train is off, carrying those away from us. We have learned to love for their great-hearted and self-sacrificing life.

After meeting we march down again to the depot. Here comes the train! All rush forward anxious to get a look at our new officers. Oh! get it! get it! (Some of the men standing around remarked "This is S. A. pay day") and off steps Capt. Lester all the way from New Westminster, B.C. God bless you, Capt. You all look wonderful that night. We soon had her feeling right at home.

Sunday Cadet Scott from Great Falls came to help. How we did welcome the devil in the open-air was a caution! We rescued two souls that week.

The Captain announced a War Cry meeting for Saturday night. Everything was taken from War Cry, songs, reading, etc., and oh, what a meeting, and what a lambasting the old devil got!

### West Ontario Province.

Since I wrote my last note for the Cry I have left the domain of the O. P. and all my happy associations with the Headquarters officers and am now busily at work assisting MARGARET MARGRETT of the W. O. P.

We have received many letters of welcome from the officers of this province, and in return, I would say, I sincerely pray that God may make us both in the blessing and help He intends we should be.

Mrs. Turner has started off on a tour through the Chatham and Windsor districts. While I have had the opportunity of putting in a week and not much of the following places: Thelford, Ingersoll and St. Thomas. I find that there are many good loyal spirits here in this part of the province, still the light is by no means the easiest.

At St. Thomas we had the joy of seeing two souls.

We are now full up with our ANNUAL MEETINGS, and we expect in connection with these meetings God is going to make them a great blessing to the entire province. —Adjutant Turner.

SLIPPED SOFTLY, GENTLY, SAFELY, INTO

## THE GREAT SILENCE.

### STAFF-CAPTAIN AGNES JONES,

Private Secretary to Mrs. Booth, Territorial Headquarters.

"IN A MOMENT PAYS GLAD LIFE'S AMBROSIAL PART, DARKNESS AND COLD, AND SUDDEN THE WORST TURNS THE BEST."

#### The Last Service.

WITH OUR SORE SPIRITS STILL QUIVERING, and our eyes hot with tears shed for the loss of our comrade, Major Jewer, there falls yet another crushing blow upon us at Toronto, until we feel as if our cup of sorrow is too full almost to hold; and the best and the bravest are snatched from our side.

OUR GRIEF-STRICKEN COMMANDANT conducted the whole of the service, from the first solemn song in the Jubilee Hall to the last amen at the graveside, though his voice was broken with emotion, intense but suppressed, while his eyelids were heavy with nights of watching, and swollen with weeping.

"While our hearts are TORN WITHIN US," groaned Colonel Holland, as he knelt by the coffin, "while our spirits are subdued with grief, oh, Lord, grant that WE may examine our souls, and know that we are as ready to answer the call when the summons reaches us—when the pulse home and his rider overtakes us!"

And DEATH AFTER ALL seemed such a simple thing, as the Commandant dwelt on the life and last hours of the pure faithful spirit that has left us, whilst there before him, outlined clear amongst the white roses, were the delicate familiar features, crowned with golden-brown hair, of the noble talented girl who has passed so suddenly and forever from our midst.

#### "The Troubled Joy of Life."

ONLY EIGHT DAYS BEFORE Staff Captain Jones was at work, that refined face beaming with life and intelligence. On every hand there are still the traces amongst us of the fair soul full of truth and simplicity, endowed with unusual power of so high an order that it seems now, looking back, as if an ethereal spirit from the realms of the blessed had sojourned briefly in our midst of sin and strife.

"All I have I am bringing to Thee."

"You can all sing it," urged the Commandant, as over again we repeated the pathetic notes of her favorite chorals. (How often her skillful white fingers had made the piano speak, as they rippled up and down the key-board.)

"Saved or unsaved, sing it, sister, with nothing worth bringing, with scarcely a friend in the world, maybe, still holding but the record of your poor wretched pasting it now. Backslider only waiting to fill up the last drop of the measure of God's wrath, sing it."

Surely someone must answer that importunate appeal to fill up the place left vacant.

#### "For This Through its Leaves Hath the White Rose Burst."

"SWEETS TO THE SWEET and these to thee!" The Jubilee Hall seemed bright with a heaven of sunlight; the whole air fragrant with blossoms. Flowers, white flowers, in profusion. Flowery geranium sprays of ferns, bunches in the hands of the sisters. And above the flag-draped coffin—mutely preening—beautiful wreaths with interwoven ribbons from "VICTOR," from "FERDINAND," but in the centre a snow-white lily from Mrs. Booth, "FOR PRECIOUS BAILING AGOIE." They were love's last gift.

I could almost wish myself in her

place," said a lady who owns a big bank-roll, "if I could only have the love that is lavished on her." No doubt this wistful conclusion was shared by many another, heart-hungry, in the midst of the solemnized crowds who edged the sidewalks or

gazed half-magnetized from the street-cars at the slow-sipping march.

And the gun-carriage moved on up the hill followed closely by the Commandant, bare-headed, the white muffled drum before, with the boys of the staff-band in their white uniforms. And her comrades accompanied her the four miles, some in rigs and some on foot, some half-halting, and some with broken step.

#### "A Glimpse Reflected from the Realm of Rest."

UP OUT OF THE MIST of the city, up into a purer atmosphere, beyond the weary Saturday throng, still fretted with earthly strife, on

in spite of the drenching rain that began to fall in torrents.

It ceased, however, and Mount Pleasant Cemetery was nothing less than a scene of lovely light, and color, the glowing flowers, the shimmering willows, the dripping rain-drops sparkling in the sun, the freshness, the softness, under the free blue skies, made the grave appear a place of beauty.

Still led by the Commandant the service continued, and testimonies were given by those who knew our comrade best, in her daily walk amongst us, in her life of faithful ministry, true and heroic, simple yet profound, crowned with the charm of consecrated womanhood.

Finally the accompanying beautiful message from Mrs. Booth was read, whilst every heart throbbled in sympathy for the one in Canada upon whom this mysterious blow falls most heavily of all. God comfort Mrs. Booth.

ONE LAST LOOK AT THOSE YOUNG EYES CLOSED, the sweet quiet face, then with streaming tears and broken voices, with clasped hands, we gather in nearer together around her, as the frail form descends from the light of day. A handful of earth thrown down, but a song of faith mounts up to THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN. Then back to the city, for us—WORK.

### DRIFTED INTO THE ETERNAL.

ATHENS. — Our beloved comrade, MRS. W. HAWKINS (CAPTAIN BROUGH), after intense suffering for several months, has passed peacefully away. She died as she lived, a faithful soldier of the cross. Although her sufferings were at times very great her testimony was always "JESUS IS PRECIOUS."

We feel we can truthfully say in her case that actions spoke louder than words.

A nice crowd gathered at the house and marched to the Methodist church, where Eugin Mearns conducted the service, assisted by the minister.

While standing by her bedside one night, she looked up into the face of a dear sister. I shall never forget that look, as she said, "Will you meet me there?"

As the answer came, "I will try," she said, "Oh, don't put it off any longer; there is room, yes, plenty of room for all." While visiting her she was a great blessing to me, and while watching her sufferings, one day I was inspired to consecrate my all afresh to God.—Cadet Chappell, for Captain Barkham.

"He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the FLOWERS that grow between."

WILLIE HAS GONE. Dear Captain and Mrs. Walker did not expect it so soon. They loved him so much.

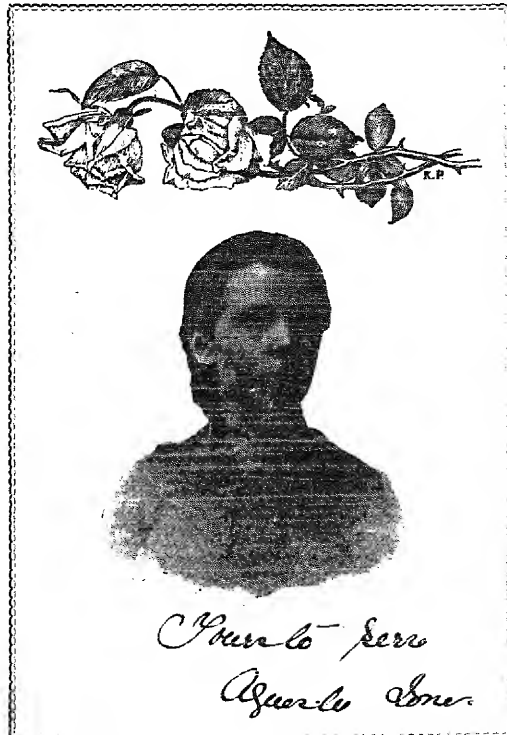
The PICTON CORPS turned out on Friday about sixty strong and gathered at the quarters, where we held a service, then marched to the beautiful cemetery, where hundreds gathered to "mourn with those who mourn."

The band played, "Shall we gather at the river?" It seemed to touch the heart-strings of everyone present. One or two testimonies, then Brother Biggs' sweet voice soloed. The services were conducted by Eugin Arlett, an old soldier of this corps. Before we said, "dust to dust," one poor man came and knelt down and gave his heart to God.

Many of our comrades will remember Captain and Mrs. Walker as the throne of grace.—S. L. A.

FENELON FALLS.—Waging a good warfare. Three backsliders and two have sought the blessing. Brother and Sister Thelby with us, and the magic lantern.

VANCOUVER. — Captain Cowan in charge here. Succession of special meetings. O. S. C. party. Backslider Clifton gave a sketch of his work in foreign countries. Adjutant Archibald foreclosed for the Coast. Two souls and two backsliders.—Hubert.



Her Latest Breath:—"Tell my comrades that I have Jesus, and having Jesus I have all—HAVING JESUS I HAVE ALL!"

### MRS. BOOTH'S LETTER, Read at the Graveside.

My Dear Comrad and Friend,

It is unnecessary for me to say how low stricken with anguish I am over the sudden loss of my most devoted comrade and armour-bearer, whose remains we are to-day laying in the grave.

I think it was the merciful hand of my Heavenly Father, Who did from me all the last the sudden promotion of one so intensely precious, lest the contemplation should be too sad for my heart to bear.

And now our dear gentle, loving Jones is gone to wear the crown she so faithfully won, and to see the face of Him she so truly worshipped. We must try to console ourselves by the thought that perhaps the Father wanted her for some even more important mission of mercy; anyway, SHE IS IN HEAVEN, and we must hasten to meet her there.

"I especially desire to say, that the years I have known and worked with my precious sister comrade, I have never had one moment's anxiety concerning her true loyalty to God, the flag, and her leaders, while her self-sacrificing, cheerful toil, has been beautiful to behold. Truly her life was a gloriously consecrated one."

She was faithful, yet gentle, fervent but obedient, capricious, yet humble in spirit.

It is a real sorrow to me that I am unable to be present at her grave to witness to the beauty of the spirit God has taken, while it yet hovered about my heart and home.

But I shall see her again. We all shall. Let us follow her CHRIST-LIKE EXAMPLE and do what we can to lead others to her Saviour.

Yours sorrowful, but PRESSING ON.

CORNELIE BOOTH.

# THE LATEST. THE O. S. C. DELEGATION

The Commandant Leads a United Reception in the Jubilee Hall.

AN OVERFLOW OF HAPPINESS AND JUBILATION.

THE GENERAL EMBARKED FOR SOUTH AFRICA. 30,000 souls assembled to bid him good-bye at the Farewell in Alexandra Palace on bank holiday.

THE GENERAL spent part of the final day with CONSUL BOOTHTUCKER, the CHIEF OF THE STAFF and others, giving the finishing strokes to some schemes which are to be launched almost simultaneously with his embarkation.

THE "DUNOTTAR CASTLE" is a majestic and seaworthy craft, registering 5,365 gross tonnage.

In less than fifteen minutes after boarding the tender the painter was hoisted and the tug moved off. THE GENERAL, with POLLARD, LAWLEY, MILLAN and HEATHER, remained up to this time on the main deck, but now they ascended to the upper, where, as soon as the General made his appearance, a gentle lullaby escaped the lips of the some party. Commissioner Cadman called for a shout of "Victory" which was instantly given. The General lifted his hat and waved his handkerchief.

CAPT. NEWCOMBE, who joins the Japanese party at Colombo, is a sister to the Miss Newcombs who has just been married by the Chinese.

Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, Australia, is very ill.

MAJOR BAUGH has lost another little one. He writes: "Link by Link our family chain is being snipped from earth's end and added to Heaven's end of it. Sidney Howard has now joined Heaven's Host."

BRIGADIER POWELL sailed for Japan on the 17th, via Colombo. Great and sacred is the bye-law. But for this invitation, we should never have known of Torgny, Whitechurch and Eastbourne.

A mania for throwing Salvation Army officers into jail is once more upon us. COMMISSIONER HOWARD is well entrenched for his attacks. It will be a case of history repeating itself.

## HEADQUARTERS' CRUMBS.

BY THE BRADBASKET.

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS for August 26th contains a long interview with Colonel Stitt. Very favorable, too.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS have decided to keep a record of the death of all soldiers in every part of the world.

THE NORTH WESTERN PROVINCE now contains seven districts. The four English officers just sent to the Northwest are stationed as follows: Capt. Watson to Brandon; Capt. Dickinson, Neudome; Captain Sawbury, in charge of Pacific Training Garrison at Lethbridge, Mountain, and Captain Woodruff to Boxman, Mountain, a new opening.

ENNIS McMILLAN has returned from 18 weeks' furlough.

THE STAFF BAND is booked for Yorkville on Sunday, Sept. 1st.

BRIGADIER CLIBBORN is expected today from the Northwest. He has been inspecting some parts of British Columbia.

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLIN spent the Sunday at Oakville and conducted the funeral service of Mrs. Andrews (Capt. Malton) at night.

THE TORONTO papers gave very good reports of Staff Capt. Jones' funeral service.

ENNIS ARNETT has come to the Temple to hold on for a week or so.

We have said "Good-bye" to the "JOSHUA AND CALED" PARTY, who have for the last four or five weeks been saying out our fair Northwest, with a view of deciding whether the General's Over Sea Colony shall be established there. The Commandant told us at the beginning of the meeting that however much it might be desirable on our part to get the colony there, it is not for us to know yet, not until the General has seen the report, and compared it with those sent from other parts of the world. We firmly believe that God will

### Overrule the General's Decision.

Now to the meeting itself. It was preceded by a splendid open-air and rally of soldiers. No less than five city bands were there, the Staff Band and those belonging to Riverside, Richmond-street, the Temple and Edgar street. The Jubilee Hall was filled to overflowing with a very appreciative audience.

"We sent Colonel Nicol and the General back to England feeling that we were as lively a lot of Salvationists as can be found in the world, and we will send Colonel Stitt back with the same feeling." We believe we did. Certainly shouting Jimmy did his best to do so. After Major Howell's old staidly, "Two little girls in blue," the Commandant rose and examined that Brigadier Clibborn was still in the West exploring other parts and would be here in a few days. He then went into his trip with the party, giving details as to their travels, pointing "Captain" Lawford once or twice, and finishing up with a word or two to

### The Irresponsible Critics

as to the quality of the settlers the General would send if Canada should happen to be the country selected. "Most of Canada's great statesmen and leaders of philanthropic enterprise are at least in sympathy with us," he said, and with a hearty clap introduced Colonel Stitt to us.

The Colonel, a tall, well-built Irishman, with light sandy hair and

beard, and a regular "Irish" wink about the eyes, plunged into his business without hesitation. He told us how he became connected with the Army through one of the first "happies" War Crys, and before long was "keeping peace" at the doors of one of our Belfast Halls with a big blackthorn stick in his hand. The "happy" pulled the barracks down and levelled it with the ground. The Colonel didn't say whether he still vent the door, although there was a rare chance for an Irish "ball" "I started as a cadet in the training house, and have kept going up, up, up till now, you see, I'm

### His Excellency, the Governor-General

of the Farm Colony, at your service?"

We cannot begin to tell all the interesting items he gave about the Hudson's Farm Colony in Essex about last year's crop of 20 tons of strawberries, the 1,000 head of porkers, the 55,000 worth of fruit sold last year, the 20 tons of apples, cherries, etc., the 22 departments, and the "heterogeneous conglomeration" of other incidentals. The Commandant was obliged to leave us to attend the sick bed of dear Staff Captain Jones, who has since passed away.

Mr. Lawford, alias "John Bull," alias "Captain" Lawford, was then introduced and spoke of his interest in the scheme. Although not strictly a Salvationist, he admired the General,

### Admired His Scheme.

and called upon all present to unite for the uplifting of lost humanity.

The Colonel added a few statistics about the Farm, telling of the spiritual as well as the social results. It was quite dramatic to see him call down Cadet Donaghy, an old Haddish Colony man, and give him a hearty shake, saying, "Jack, my boy, how are you?" It showed the brotherly spirit, and was much appreciated.

The meeting closed with a volley for the visitors, led off by Colonel Holland; the band played "The General's Scheme," and we dispersed.

EUPHONIA



Girls are never welcomed in India. Formerly a large number were destroyed at birth, but now the British Government prevents that. But they are as badly off, in many cases worse, than if dead. Their very existence is almost unnoticed by their father. Ask a Hindu how many children he has—supposing that he have three sons and four daughters—he will reply, "I have three children," not thinking it worth while to count his daughters.

After a little girl has reached her fifth birthday, her parents begin to look for a husband for her. She can

be married when seven years old, but may wait until she is ten. The idea of marrying for love is never dreamed of. The little one never makes her own choice of a husband. Her married life bears not the slightest resemblance to the life of a wife in a Christian land. The Shastars declare that a wife, "When in the presence of her husband, must keep her eyes upon her master, and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks, she must be quiet, and listen to nothing else besides; when he calls, she must leave everything else, and attend upon him alone."



The General's photo hangs on the walls of the Columbus Penitentiary, O.

Major Hawkins, the breezy Salvationist, would very much like to see the Salvation Army in possession of an ocean steamer.

Major Marshall has, we all know, a remarkable faculty for writing songs to popular tunes. His latest goes to "Perhaps she's on the railway."

The New Zealand Grace-before-Meat man evidently does not believe in "letting the grass grow under his feet." He begged one thousand orders for boxes out of twelve places where he visited.

Brigadier Powell, late of Norway, understands six languages. He learned Greek in railway trains while coming daily to business in London. He says the Salvation Army has opened a "Salmon" House in the extreme north, nearly in the Arctic Circle.

Commissioner Cadman has invented a simple highly successful means of keeping a meeting lively. You prize a good band with about thirty lively choruses and station them (the bandmen, not the choruses) in front of the platform, with instructions to play up every five minutes. The result is distinctly encouraging.

At one of the Australian Socialists' meetings a poor drunken woman was so taken with the wit of the floor-charge, that when the order was given at the commencement that they were to pocket nothing but the coffee, she quickly emptied her cap that beverage, steaming hot, into her pocket, and chuckled at the thought of having one out of the Captain's drink again!

A little Ohio girl was taught by her good mamma to pray regularly every day, but the requests made were the same night and morning, week in and week out. Finally her mamma suggested a change for the next day, and what was her surprise to find her dear little innocent pray that God would make her "absolutely pure" like the baking powder in papa's paper."

ON ITS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY the Salvation Army could point to 3,392 corps, 11,535 officers and 251 Social Institutions, while the pecuniary value of its weekly publications is estimated at \$1,000,000.



### PROMOTIONS.

ENNIS AYRE, Chief Assistant, Central Canada Province, to be ADJUTANT.

ENNIS GAGE, Trade Department, Toronto, to be ADJUTANT.

Captain Atwell Assistant Editor "War Cry," for Rural Headquarters to be ENSIGN.

Captain Gage, of West Toronto District, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Wilfred Crofton, Assistant, West Ontario Province, to be ENSIGN.

Ensign H. W. Ocker, of Toronto Social Work, to be Captain.

Ensign J. H. H. H. of Grand Falls, to be Captain.

Ensign H. H. H. H. of Grand Falls, to be Captain.

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Ensign H. H. H. H. of Grand Falls, to be Captain.





## Mrs. Andrews

(Née Capt. Mañon),  
Gone to Heaven.  
BURIED IN ARMY UNIFORM

Big Memorial Service in Oakville Town Hall,  
Conducted by the Editor.

When she pledged herself to God and the Army, and her husband, who death have thought that in that uniform her body would so soon be lowered to its last long abode?

CAPTAIN MAÑON, who was married by the Commandant to Brother Andrews, soldier of Oakville corps, at Dovercourt Barracks, Toronto, in May, 1894, passed away to her eternal reward from her residence at Oakville on Thursday, 22nd Aug., 1906.

I was present at the happy wedding ceremony.

Seeking some particulars of our glorified comrade for use in the memorial service on Sunday evening, I called on Brother Andrews. I found him nursing his motherless babe, a fine healthy boy, the legacy Mrs. Andrews brought him as she entered the valley of the shadow of death.

THE LATE MRS. ANDREWS entered the Army as an officer some eleven years ago, and fought a good fight. She helped open Orilla and Barrie, and then Oakville, afterwards returning to Oakville as captain. Some of the fruits of her work for Christ are still there, but others have passed over to the Paradise of God. Her health had been failing for some time, and when some two years ago her voice gave way she of necessity retired from the field.

HER MARKED life was a happy one. Brother Andrews says, "when the door was shut this home was heaven." He feels the blow most keenly, but says, "They will be done."

Her acceptance and standing before God he has no doubt about. The only thing that marred her peace at all since their marriage was her physical inability to take active part in winning souls, but she looked forward to doing more so soon as improved health would permit. She never neglected private devotions, and to the last her "Soldier's Guide" was her companion. The Sunday evening before she became unwell she took up her tambourine and sang quite a number of the old Army choruses that she used to do on the field.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE was held in Oakville Town Hall, and the respect entertained for her amongst the townspeople was evidenced by the numbers who attended, there having been no such congregation for some years.

Rev. Craig (Presbyterian) and Rev. Culvert (Methodist) both announced the service in their churches and gave pointed addresses at the meeting. They dwelt on the value of living active Christians and the imminence of self-sacrifice in the people of God. "Souls are won," said Mr. Culvert, "first by the sacrifice of Christ, and secondly, by the sacrifice of His people." "We have many Christian professors, but few who are active workers for Christ," said Rev. Craig. Workers can be spared.

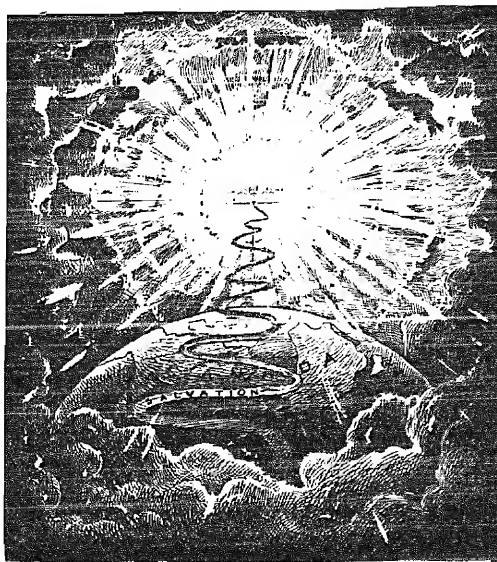
SOLDIER MRS. HAYTON, who was with Mrs. Andrews through her illness, told of the blessing the departed one was to her years ago, and of her peaceful end. BRO. ANDREWS also added a few words. He spoke of her preparedness for the great change, of her intention to do active work for Christ as soon as her strength permitted. He knew her desire for that meeting would be that little should be said of her, but that Jesus should be upheld and souls saved.

There were no visible results, but a liberal offering was given.

May God give Bro. Andrews grace to train his boy for service for sacrifice and for reunion. Amen.

JOHN COMPLIN.

PETERBORO. — Expecting great things, H. P. Three precious souls stepped into liberty and two more at night. — Sergt. Lang.



Salvation's grandly rolling tide  
Flows through this glorious land of ours;  
'Twas started from the Saviour's side,  
And still maintains its cleansing powers.

The vilest slaver in the land,  
The moralist, with all his pride,  
Can surely reach the golden strand  
By washing in its purple tide.

### Easterners Encamped.

WHITE HORSES HEAD OFF THE OPENING—WHOLE  
ROWS OF CHAIRS DANCE UP AND DOWN.

NEW GLASGOW, N.S.—THE TENT did not arrive, so the first night we had a meeting in the barracks. The first march was headed by Ensign Alward and Capt. Bradbury on white horses. AUNTIE was also present, and it might be said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like" her. Inside some of the comrades were so enthusiastic that whole rows of chairs danced up and down in a way that was startling. It was not spiritualism, however, but the platform was a little slinky, and when several stout sisters kept time by jumping for joy, the whole structure and everything on it accompanied time.

Brother Earle told us how in times past he had wakened in the morning to find that by means of "the sun the dew and the cold mixed together," his hair was frozen to his hat, and much mud frozen to his coat. Brigadier Scott sang a solo, "His step came firm and steady," and Ensign Alward spoke most touchingly of his past experiences.

Kneeling was beautiful. At the holiness meeting the Brigadier spoke of the necessity of

### Keeping Vows

made to God. Capt. Lorimer and Ensign Guit followed.

In the afternoon each member of the band gave his testimony to the leading virtue of the Blood. Ensign Guit read to us with much earnestness. Ensign and Lieut. Pierce each sang a solo, after which Brigadier Scott told a pathetic story.

At night a good crowd. Brigadier Scott made a most earnest appeal. One soul professed salvation.

A STORM BLEW DOWN OUR TENT, so the Hallelujah wedding took place in MacNeil's Hall, which the proprietor very kindly lent. The contracting parties were Brother George Knough and Sister Mary Ford. Ensign Guit read the articles of war, and the Rev. Mr. Rogers tied the knot. Judging by

The Amount of Rice

Ensign Alward suggested that it would have been better had it been donated for the Harvest Festival. PICTOU, New Glasgow, Westville, and Stellarton corps united for their

annual excursion and picnic at RUS-  
HICO BEACH.

It was a glorious day, the sail was  
delightful, and the beach itself is the  
very place for a picnic. MAX.



### ROCK OF AGES.

AN INCIDENT is told by a lady who made a tour round the world. THE CHINESE WOMEN, it seems, are so anxious to "make merit" for themselves that they will perform any labor to escape the painful transmigration of the next life. They dread to be born again as dogs or cats, and the highest hope possessed by them is to be RE-BORN AS MEN. In order to secure this they do any and every meritorious act.



One whom this lady saw had, with incredible labor, dug a well twenty-five feet deep and some ten or fifteen feet across. With her poor weak hands she had excavated every foot of it, and it was only after this achievement that she heard of Christ and of the true Gospel of salvation.

When the lady met her she was an old woman of eighty, and stretching out her aged and crippled fingers she and her visitor sang together:

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

.....

A celebrated writer with original and suggestive words comments with true Army sentiment:

"Like most single files, it is but a fragment of the truth:

"Simply to Thy cross I cling."

"Yes, with the arms of clinging faith I shrink from going on, lest

anyone should think I do not make enough of that which is the heart and life of piety, the simple trust in Christ and Him crucified. But what did Christ ever say, what did the Apostles ever teach, which warrants you in saying, 'All I have to do is to cling to the cross?' What did Jesus say about the cross? He said take it up, and go about obeying the will of God. . . . You cannot do that and serve, and a man cannot do that sitting in a sanctuary, kneeling in a closet, clasping his arms around a sacred tree, or laying his cheek against the wood that is red with the blood of the Christ of God.

"Cling to the cross," says OUR CAPT. MAÑON: YOU CLING: following His commandments with your deeds, glorifying Him upon the earth, finishing the work that He has given you to do. Cling to the cross until the eternal glory comes; but while you cling, follow Christ whithersoever He leads you."

### What Holiness is.

BY FIELD OFFICER MCKENZIE,  
Stationed at Richmond St., Toronto.

"HE lying of all on the altar of 'self-sacrifice,' a 'living sacrifice,' Romans xii. 1, heneforth to have no contrary will, but as clay in the hands of a potter, he transformed with the renewing of the mind and heart, by the Holy Spirit, which takes possession in greater measure, as at Pentecost. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? Why?

The fruits of a sanctified soul are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.—Gal. v. 22. You will see, therefore, that pride, hatred, malice, envy, wrath, strife, jealousy, back-biting and covetousness, are against the doctrine of love, and therefore cannot exist in a soul perfect in love.

Holiness is a mystery that God reveals to those who strive for a close walk with Him.

### What Holiness is Not.

IT IS NOT FREEDOM FROM TEMPTATION. The foundation of our temptation will not be a depraved heart, but natural appetites to be lawfully gratified.

IT IS NOT SINLESS PERFECTION in that in not being perfect in knowledge and judgment we make mistakes and at all times need the atonement of Christ as our plea to the merits of God. You will see that this does not clash with the doctrine of love, which is the fulfilling of the law.

If we walk in the light we have fellowship—and the blood cleanses from ALL sin.—1 John. If we sin willfully there remains no more sacrifice—no more fellowship, or no more cleansing—but a fearful looking forward of judgment and fiery indignation.

That is to say, since of ignorance do not separate us from God, for the sacrifice on our behalf appears," but in willful sin no sacrifice. We stand condemned, fearful, until we repent and do the first works over again.

IT IS NOT SANCTIMONIOUSNESS, that puts it out of reach of everyone.

IT IS NOT FREEDOM from the possibility of backslide, and there is no justification for a sanctified soul except in sanctification. If he fall into sin he becomes a sinner. He cannot come back to some middle degree and stay there.

It is not that you be talented or a successful social winner.

It is not perfection in the sense that you cannot grow in grace any more. It puts you in a position where you can grow the faster. The kingdom of heaven is as a grain of mustard seed, very small, but it grows in its growth large dimensions. Some are larger than others. The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but peace and righteousness is the Holy Spirit.

Has it been sown in your heart? If so, cultivate it, your heart will enlarge, and we shall soon have your application for the field, you will so desire to work for God and take the world in your arms.

GRAND BANE.—In for victory. Hard work and holy living will win. One soul, Capt. Mañon.

## Lost Without Jesus

BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Then said Martha to Jesus, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died.'"

It was a sorrowful time in the home at Bethany! The quick-gathered crowds had burst in upon the family circle, and were bewailing the loss of the only brother. The two sisters laid their brother on the bier. Death had cast its shadow upon their hearts. Life was darkened, love forgotten, tears fell, spirits pining, and, worst of all,

Jesus was Not There.

I have often wondered how the sorrowful do without a Christ. I more easily understand the pleasure and the joy of getting along without Him. But the heart broken by grief must be bitter indeed when "Man of Sorrows" to speak it to!

I don't believe there was ever a mother saw her child who did not want to kneel and pour out her grief to God over its dead body. I do believe there was ever a husband, a father, a friend, for the last time, wife and little ones on the eve of long separation, who would not have been glad to kneel down just at that right there commit them all to the merits of God.

And I believe there are thousands of sinners who wake up from fits of debauchery and

### Wish They Could Pray!

On the merry-go-round of time, when the cup of pleasure is overflowing, it may be, and alas is easy to forget God; but amid the shadows of when the vale of sorrow are poured out, it is hard work to get along without the love and solace of Saviour.

Jesus knew all about the suffering in that home, and He was on way to share it. Back among years of your life there has been sorrow that He has not come as far as He could to meet. All seeming catastrophes that have taken you have been permitted Him for some fruitful purpose, as the sorrow was permitted to come upon Mary and Martha. For, sister, how otherwise could they so efficiently have proved the omniscience of Christ? Was He not

### Tonfold the Messiah

to that household and to the group surrounding the open grave, cause of the majestic authority apparent misfortune had been the reason for Him to demonstrate?

Questionably He was! And so, sister, it is with your sorrows, your losses, your appointments have been allowed God in hope that they might be the mediums of His saving grace, failure to extract from their bitterness the promises of welfare, and learn by their chastisement, how your fault alone, not God's. He approached you in the hour of agony—been close by the deathbed, the cross, and just behind that that has shadowed your soul.





## Lost Without Jesus.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Then said Martha to Jesus, Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

It was a sorrowful time in the little home at Bethany! The quickly-gathered clouds had burst in fury upon the family circle, and left them bewailing the loss of the only boy. The two sisters laid their brother in the tomb. Death had cast its cold shadow upon their hearts. Life was darkened, joys forgotten, tears falling, spirits mourning, and, worst of all,

Jesus was Not There.

I have often wondered how the sorrowful do without a Christ. I can never easily understand the pleasure-seeker and the gay getting along without Him. But the heart broken by grief must be bitter indeed with no "Min of Sorrows" to speak it out to!

I do not believe there was ever a mother saw her child who did not want to kneel and pour out her grief to God over its dead body. I don't believe there was ever a husband and a father, blessed for the last time his wife and little ones on the eve of a long separation, who would not have been glad to kneel down just then and right there commit them all to the mercies of God.

And I believe there are thousands of sinners who wake up from their life of debauchery and

### Wish They Could Pray!

On the merry-go-round of time, when the cup of pleasure is overflowing, it may be, and alas be easy to forget God; but amid the shadows of life, when the vials of sorrow are poured out, it is hard work to get along without the love and solace of a Saviour.

Jesus knew all about the suffering in that home, and He was on His way to share it. Buck among the years of your life there has been no sorrow that He has not come out to far as He could to meet. All the seeming catastrophes that have overtaken you have been permitted by Him for some fruitful purpose, just as this sorrow was permitted to come upon Mary and Martha. For, consider, how otherwise could they so efficiently have proved the omnipotence of Christ? Was He not

### Tenfold the Messiah

to that household and to the little group surrounding the open grave, because of the majestic authority this apparent misfortune had been the occasion for Him to demonstrate? Unquestionably He was!

And so, sinner, it is with you. All your sorrows, your losses, your disappointments have been allowed by God in hope that they might be made the medium of His saving grace. The failure to extract from their litter the promise of welfare, and to turn by their chastisement, has been your fault alone, not God's. He has approached you in the hour of your agony—been close by the deathbed, or the graveyard, and just behind the veil that has shadowed your soul, with

His arms outstretched for you to grasp. Oh, that in those moments you had taken it, then would your sorrow have been as the night before the dawn, and your tears as the dew of heaven to your soul.

When Martha heard that Jesus was coming, she obeyed the prompting of her heart and went to meet Him. What compassion and blessing, and what a remedy she found for all her sorrow! If despite the grief that is ripening into despair in your soul, you will heed but the patient's cry to meet the mercy of God, what consequences, burdened with immeasurable blessing shall follow after in your life! Shall this be so? Here is

### The Love of Your Saviour,

wonderful, unsearchable. Will you let it be perfected in you, finding in your salvation the consummation of its everlasting purpose? Will you let the voice of your patience and penitence rise as the echo to the pleadings of the Spirit? If you will, what blessing or your holiest desires and God's truest purposes there will be in your experience!

But, this is for you also! There are meanings to all afflictions and sorrows of your life, see to it that you discover them.

(To be continued.)

## OUT OF KNOWING INTO DOING.

ENSTEN BILLES comments on his life sketch in a recent "Cry," explaining his great struggle before coming to the penitent form for the blessing. He says:

I was like many others, I had no very great difficulty in understanding what it would mean to me and what holiness meant. I had read and read the action on sanctification in the Army doctrine and discipline. But I was

### For Months Seeking

to obtain the precious gift. I used to pray night and day, sometimes rising in the night to wrangle over it. I KNEW what God would have me do, but TO DO IT seemed out of my reach.

At last, sick at heart, and tired of my struggling, I sunk out of my trying into doing, when God came and filled my soul with unspeakable joy and peace.

THEN when I went to God, having done what He gave me to do, and telling Him I wanted Him to make me perfectly whole, I had no very great struggle, but changed it by simple faith.

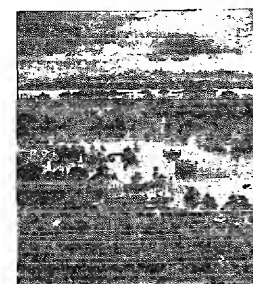
BILLES.—Red-hot shot. Three soldiers went six miles for two meetings. While they talked to one woman she cried out, "Lord, save me," and God answered. Our numbers are swelling.—D. H.

BRANDON, MAN.—Capt. Walton, just fresh from England's shores, has taken charge. Good drum-head collection. A number of our soldiers away in THE HARVEST FIELDS. One soul at knee drill. The saved Turk's testimony is, fifteen years drinking, smoking, and gambling, but since he got saved, nearly three months ago, he's happy all the time.—A. H.



REV. DR. WILSON OF NEW YORK, who used to preach to great crowds of people here, has been with us. God greatly blessed him in the Army twelve years ago, and since then he has been able to give an experimental exposition of the Divine Truths of the Word of God.

There were unusual crowds of people to see and hear the Doctor, who was with us in the open air in the



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

park, also at the inside meeting. He gave his experience and described his conversion, with a description of the Army in other countries that he has visited. At night the Doctor preached, his subject being

### "Straight Salvation,"

and Holy Ghost power rested upon the eight or nine hundred people, as he put before them the salvation of God.

We were assisted also by Adit and Mrs. Southall. One poor soul went his way to the foot of the cross. We wound up the meetings of the day by bringing all the soldiers and friends together and having a big feast to our souls. We are going ahead with our Harvest Festival, and expect to get right over the top.—Capt. Caruthers.

## "WAR CRY" vs TOBACCO.

THE CRY, we believe, is a great blessing to many.

I sold one awhile ago to a young man and told him to read it through. It was the number that spoke chiefly against tobacco. He went home, took down his pipe to have a good smoke, and at the same time he took up the War Cry to read. He had constantly used the tobacco.

### For Eighteen Years

and thought it was impossible for him to quit it. However, after reading the Cry he determined that he would give it up and never taste it again. Although it was a struggle yet he got the victory and intends to stick to his word.

We are believing soon to see him enjoying the blessing of salvation. Our Cry Sergeant, Brother Rice, takes a great interest in doing his very best.—Captain Hampton, Twillingate.

## Central Ontario Notes.

### MAJOR HOWELL

CORBETT'S POINT CAMP MEETINGS have been a decided success. Between three and four hundred rigs were on the grounds.

### Sympathy

The people were greatly disappointed at the absence of the Commandant, but on account of the death of our devoted comrade, Staff-Capt. Jones, together with the serious condition of Mrs. Booth, it was impossible for him to fill this engagement. Many tows went up to God for him in prayer.

### War at Newmarket.

The police threaten to lock up the officers if they continue with their special work, but Capt. Howland is the wrong stuff to take backwater.

### At the Drumhead.

Captain Parker of Orillia writes a drumhead saved in the open air.

### Women Warriors' Band in Danger.

While at North Bay they encountered A GREAT STORM, lightning struck the house where Emma Wake and Capt. Griffiths were sheltered, but no one was hurt.

The R. S. and Mrs. Howell visit Bowmanville, Oshawa and Lindsay.

### Anniversary Meetings.

We have received information from many of the corps that several of their soldiers are coming. We are expecting a big crowd of Salvationists. We herewith submit the programme of Toronto meeting. The Commandant, of course, will be in command.

### Programme.

Sep. 24, Sat. 7th.—8 p.m., private officers and soldiers' council.

Sunday, 25th.—7 a.m., Knee Drill; 11 a.m., Revival; 3 p.m., Great Social Meeting in "Parlour"; 8 p.m., Revival Temple.

Monday, 26th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall.

Tuesday, 27th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall.

Wednesday, 28th.—10 a.m., Officers' Council; 2 p.m., Officers' Council; 8 p.m., Revival Meeting, Jubilee Hall.

Thursday, 29th.—Open Day for Business; 5 p.m., Great Banquet, Jubilee Hall; 8 p.m., Musical Festival, Temple; 11 p.m., All Night of Prayer.

Adjutant Ayre's promotion is old news now, but we must offer the chief assistant our hearty congratulations just the same.

That was a splendid turn out of soldiers to Colonel Stitt's reception. Well done, Toronto.

The Staff Band did good service both at Hamilton and Corbett's Point camps. They were ready for anything.

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FFICER McKENZIE, Richmond St., Toronto.

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COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM

AND BE YE SEPARATE





**SHORTLY.**



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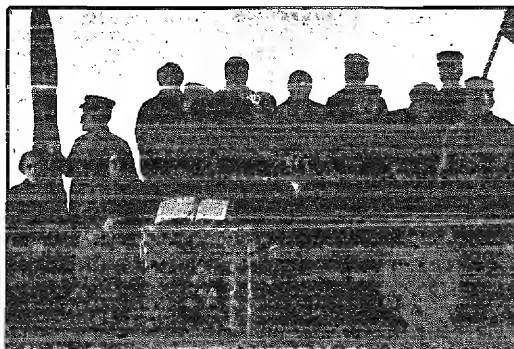
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Who is going to  
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t. John.—Briga-

to the top like a cork in a bucket of water.—C. W. Tully.

exclusively by Chinamen; the fishermen, however, are mostly whites.

down his face, praying to God to pardon him.

over eight hundred people were torn  
ed away.—Captain Spencer.



A GROUP OF SALVATIONIST INDIANS, taken at Victoria, B.C.

AT STEVESTON, B. C.

**Truly Remarkable — Indians Christianizing Whites—Note what the Manager says.**

Stoveston is a small town, the headquarters of the CANNED SALMON INDUSTRY, on the Fraser river. During the fishing season the population is about 6,000 and 7,000, at other times about 600.

At present we are in the height of the fishing season, and it would be difficult to gather together a more motley crowd than is here now, all nationalities being represented.

The work in the canneries is done exclusively by Chinamen; the fishermen, however, are mostly whites.

Siwash' Indians, and Japanese, a

This is a tough place. The manager of one of the causeries says if there is any place on earth where the Salvation Army is needed it is Stereaton. Anyone taking a walk through the streets on Saturday night would easily conclude that the devil had full and undisputed sway. But not so, thank God! At the west end of the town there is

## A BAND OF INDIAN SALVATIONARIES

from Fort Simpson, who, assisted by some of the soldiers from Vancouver and Westminster, are doing all they can to advance the kingdom of God. Sunday night they had the joy of seeing one brother kneel at the cross, with tears of repentance streaming down his face, praying to God to pardon him.



